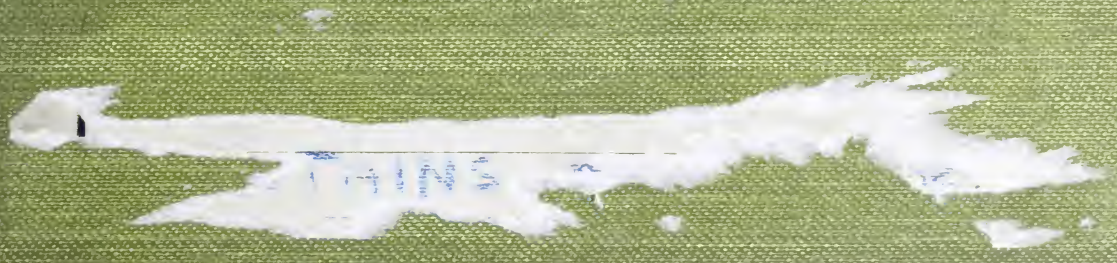
The CHRONICLE of the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1926



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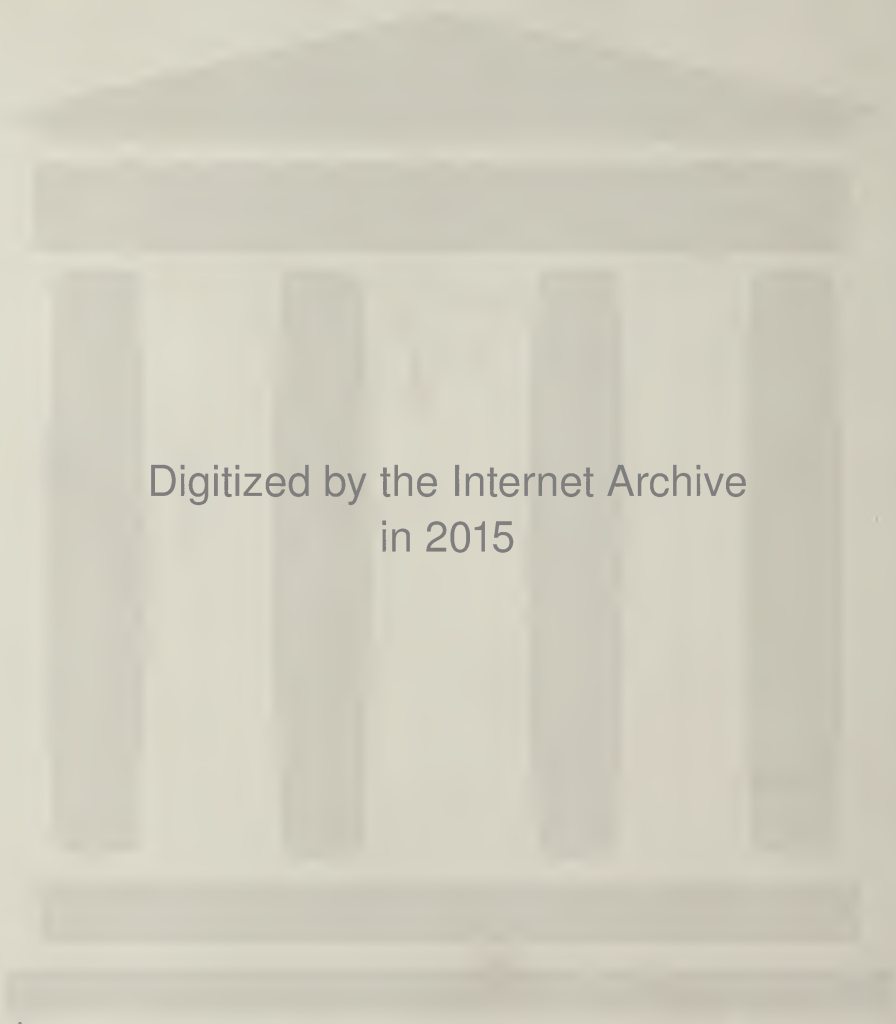
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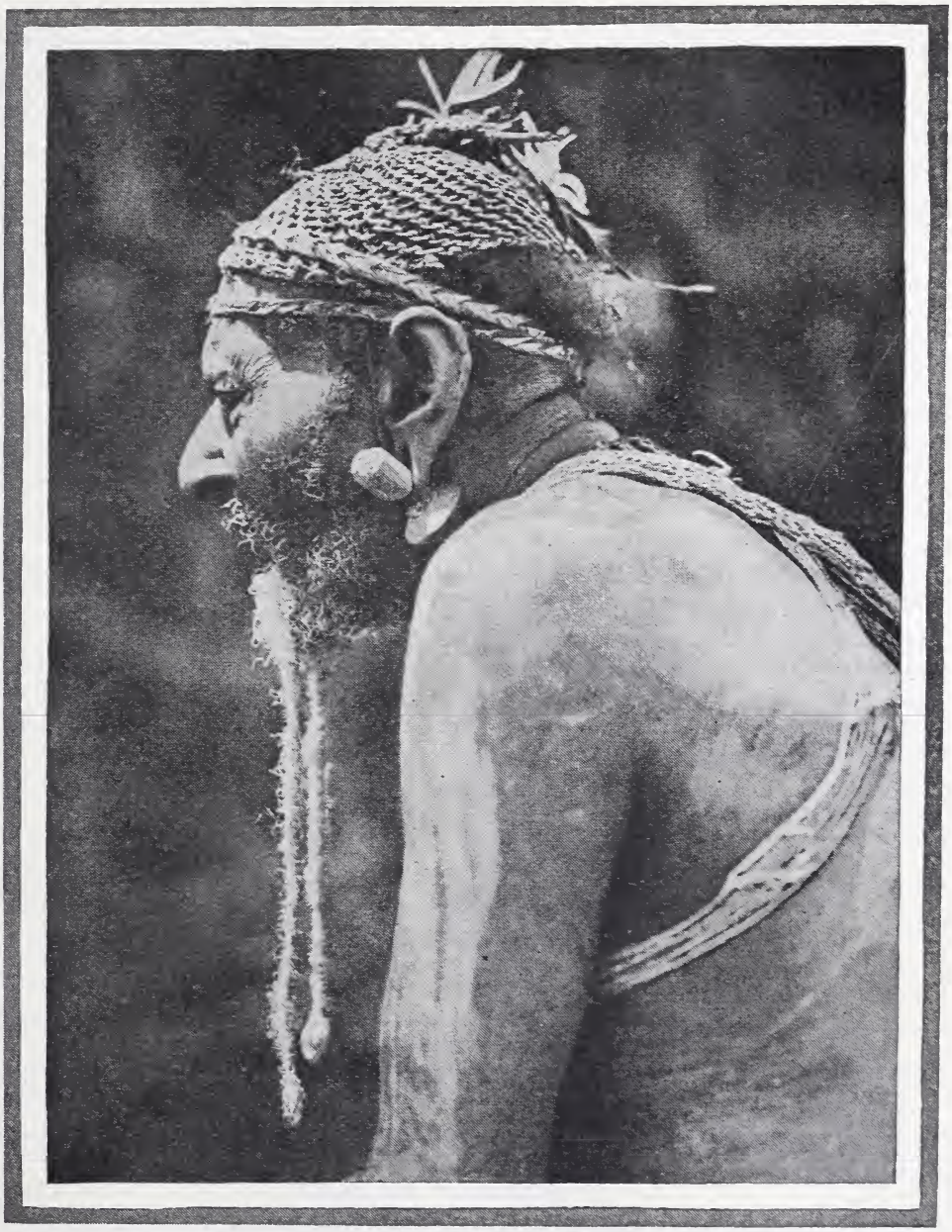
NOVEMBER, 1926 PRICE TWOPENCE

The CHRONICLE of the London Missionary Society



An Old Papuan of Lake Murray *Photo by F. Hurley*

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—LIVINGSTONE'S HOME; A NATIONAL MEMORIAL

:: ANNOUNCEMENTS ::

THE REGISTER

Arrivals

Rev. H. P. Bralsford, from Ocean Island, South Pacific, September 9th.

Miss D. Hayes, from Nagercoil, Travancore, September 27th.

Rev. T. E. and Mrs. Buck, from Madagascar, October 3rd.

Departures

Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Onley, Mrs. E. F. Wills and daughter, and Miss Edith Wills, returning to Central China; Miss L. K. Rayner, returning to Hong-Kong; Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Preston, returning to Tingchow, Fukien; Miss C. M. Robertson, M.A., returning to Shanghai, per ss. *Mantua*, September 10th.

Rev. E. R. Hughes, returning to Tingchow, Fukien, per ss. *Atsuta Maru* from Marseilles, September 16th.

Rev. A. and Mrs. Sandilands. appointed to Lake Ngami, South Africa, and Mr. G. Quick, B.Sc., appointed to Mbereshi, Central Africa, per ss. *Walmer Castle*, September 17th.

Miss E. F. Mills and Miss D. H. Southgate, appointed to South India, per ss. *City of Nagpur*, October 2nd.

Mrs. Dr. T. Gillison, returning to Hankow, Central China, per ss. *Delta*, October 7th.

Birth

COUPER.—On July 9th, at Nottingham, to the Rev. D. and Mrs. Couper, of South Africa, a daughter—Isabel Lona.

Marriage

LESTER—WATT.—On September 25th, at Lindi, East Africa, Geoffrey Ewart, elder son of Rev. H. F. W. and Mrs. Lester, late of Bellary, S. India, to Jessie Bryden, third daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. J. B. Watt, of Oxton, Birkenhead.

Deaths

COCKERTON.—On September 5th, at West Norwood, Mary Jane Cockerton, formerly of Berhampur (1893—1905), aged 64.

DOVEY.—On September 7th, at Shanghai, Ian, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Dovey.

Donation

The Directors have pleasure in acknowledging with thanks, a donation as follows:

"In grateful memory of dear parents, from a member of Spencer Street Congregational Church, Leamington Spa" £5.

Watchers' Prayer Union

NEW BRANCH.

AUXILIARY.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Leeds.	Beeston Hill.	Miss E. Steward

Monthly Prayer Meeting

The M.A.C. Prayer Meeting will be held in the Committee Room (top floor) at 48, Broadway, on Friday, November 19th, at 5.30 p.m. Rev. J. Cleaver James, Chairman of the Wandsworth Group, will preside.

Luncheon Hour Talks to Business Men

All men are cordially invited to these Luncheons, which are held fortnightly in the LIBRARY of the MEMORIAL HALL, 1 to 2 p.m. sharp, charge 1s. 6d.

On Wednesday, November 3rd, W. McGregor Ross, Esq., M.Sc., B.E., will speak on "White Settlement in Tropical Africa."

On Wednesday, November 17th, J. P. Fletcher, Esq., will speak on "Civilisation or Imperialism."

Luncheons for Business Women.

There will be two Luncheons for Business Women in November. One will be in the Junior Hall, Westminster Chapel, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, on Wednesday, November 10th, from 1 to 2 p.m. prompt.

Subject: "Missions and New World Movements."

Speaker: Kenneth Maclennan, Esq. (Secretary of the Conference of British Missionary Societies).

In the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, on Wednesday, November 24th, from 1 to 2 p.m. prompt.

Subject: "A New String to the Missionary Harp."

Speaker: Rev. A. T. Peters, M.A., B.D. (Colonial Missionary Society, British Guiana).

The charge for luncheon is 1s. 6d.

Wants Department

Miss Tidball, of Bangalore, would be greatly helped by the gift of a portable typewriter.

Miss Usher, of Berhampur, would be grateful for the gift of lantern slides—Bible stories, and the stories of heroes, *not Livingstone*.

Rev. J. I. Todman, of Gooty, would much appreciate the gift of a violin for use in the boys' Boarding Home at Gooty.

Rev. Wilson Geller, of Siaokan, would be grateful for the gift of a Schofield Bible for the use of one of his Chinese ordained pastors. Also the gift of a portable organ would be much appreciated by the Preaching Band.

All intending donors are asked to write to the Secretary, Wants Department, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1., before sending gifts.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is requested that all Remittances be made to the Rev. W. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS.—It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the Directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £100 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society NOVEMBER, 1926

Yuhanna's Friend

A Tale of the Chumars

THE little village of Basai lay blistering in the Indian sun. In the main part lived the villagers; in the other were the untouchables, the Chumars; and here lived Buddhu the shoemaker, and his little son, Nathu. Like his fellow Chumars, he was totally illiterate. There was a school in the village, but it was not for such as he.

Once the Chumars had heard that one of the strange sahibs called padres was going to open a school for Chumars in a village fifteen miles away. Buddhu and several of his caste had walked over to see the *tamasha* (show). It was almost a year since he had been to the village, but he decided to walk over again, taking little Nathu with him. They saw the Chumars' school, and the boys learning their lessons, and Nathu, there and then, made up his mind to learn to read. From that day on he was always imploring his father to let him learn. At last Buddhu and half-a-dozen other Chumars decided to go to Delhi and ask the bearded padre if he would start a school in their village. He agreed, and said that if they would give half the money towards building a small school, the Mission would give the other half. After about a month's work on the part of the Chumars, a small mud building was put up, and the school opened.

Many things had happened since then. Buddhu, his son Nathu, and half-a-dozen Chumars had become Christians. Their conversion and baptism had been followed by a period of oppression by the landowners, especially by the headman, one Jiwan Singh. They had been stopped from using the well, and extra forced labour in the fields put upon them. But they clung to their new religion. They were becoming cleaner, and their children were learning to read and write. It was this that brought down on them the anger of Jiwan Singh. One night a head constable arrived in the middle of the night school. "This land is not yours, it belongs to Jiwan Singh, and he has ordered the school to be closed." So the school came to an end, and the building remained empty.

Nathu was by now eleven years old, a nice looking little fellow, and by far the brightest boy in the broken-up school. He had heard that there was a boarding-house for Christian boys in Delhi, and he implored his father to take him there. Buddhu, owing to the influence of Jiwan Singh, had been growing steadily poorer, but he obtained a letter from the bearded padre to the Principal of the Boarding Home.

"Nothing was left but a few smouldering remains"

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The Boarding Home was full, and the Principal was just about to refuse the pleadings of Nathu when he took down a book from above his office table. He turned over the pages, and then said "There is a lady in England who wrote out a few weeks ago saying she would pay for a boy to read in this school. I will give you the chance. But mind, you must work hard, or out you go at once." Nathu worked hard, and after a year was promoted to the Middle School, which meant that he walked every day to the big Mission School in the city, where boys of all religions sat together in the same classes. It was then that his trouble began, for in the same class was none other than Mohan Singh, the son of Jiwan Singh, the chief landowner of Basai. Mohan Singh did not recognise Nathu, but Nathu, or Yuhanna as he had been renamed at his baptism, recognised him. That night Yuhanna went to the Principal of the Boarding Home and told him his perplexity. "Now listen, Yuhanna," said the Principal kindly, "you mustn't worry about this. You are not a Chumar now, you are a Christian. You have no such thing as caste, high or low. Just go on behaving like a pucca little Christian gentleman, and never mind about Mohan Singh."

The two boys happened to sit next to each other in class, and after the manner of small boys, soon became great friends. On one point only was Yuhanna reticent, and that was his parentage. Mohan Singh simply accepted him as a Christian, and therefore did not enquire into his caste.

Towards the end of the year came the hockey tournament, the event of the season. To his great surprise, Yuhanna was included in the Mission School team, for though young, he was a fast and plucky player. Yuhanna had written to his father asking him to come and see one of the matches. Among the spectators at the second match was Mohan Singh's father, Jiwan Singh.

Mohan Singh jumped about in his excitement, and pointed out all the players. "That is Yuhanna, my greatest friend," he said, "that one with the ball." And certainly Yuhanna looked a friend to be proud of.

Suddenly Yuhanna saw a familiar figure standing on the touch line. It was his own father Buddhu, looking tired and ill—for those, because of Jiwan Singh, were evil days—dressed cleanly, but obviously a villager. At half-time Yuhanna ran to his father and embraced him, Indian fashion, then turned to see Mohan pushing through the crowd towards him. "Well played, Yuhanna," he said. "Here is my father coming, and wants to see you." The tall form of Jiwan Singh appeared at that moment. "Father, this is Yuhanna," said Mohan excitedly. "Now you ask him yourself to come to Basai in the holidays."

But Jiwan Singh had caught sight of Buddhu standing beside Yuhanna. "What are *you* doing here?" he asked angrily.

"He is my father, and he has come to see the match," Yuhanna indignantly answered.

When the game began again Jiwan Singh left the field. He was speechless with anger. He swallowed his rage, however, and said with a snarl to his son, "I am going now. You have brought enough shame on me for to-day. My last order to you is that you never again speak to that little upstart. As to you," he added, turning to Buddhu, "I will settle up with you soon enough," and without another word he strode off.

In spite of what had happened the friendship between the two boys remained unbroken, and they agreed to work together to help the Chumars when they grew up.

Meanwhile tragedy was brewing in the village of Basai. Jiwan Singh had arrived there late in the evening. That night he called together several of his servants and gave them instructions, then went to his roof to sleep.

Early next morning Buddhu arrived at Basai. He found his way to his own mean little abode, then stood aghast—nothing was left but a few smouldering remains. His stock of shoes, representing the last month's work, was burnt and useless. A neighbour told him that there had been no fire near the hut. Some enemy must have set fire to it during the night.

"What enemy have I but that wicked spawn of Satan, Jiwan Singh," exclaimed Buddhu. He seized a thick stick, and set off in the direction of Jiwan Singh's house. He had never had a fight in his life before, but now nothing mattered save revenge. He struck Jiwan Singh's servant a blow that sent him reeling. His cries brought others to the spot, and he was soon surrounded by a crowd of angry villagers, who beat him down. The last thing he remembered before losing consciousness was the voice of Jiwan Singh shouting to his servants, "Beat him, beat the son of a pig, beat——"

Not many hours later Buddhu died from

his beating in the Civil Hospital at Delhi, his son Yuhanna standing by his side.

The next day a sad little procession passed towards the Christian cemetery. There was one Hindu among the mourners. It was the high caste Mohan who stood beside his Chumar friend Yuhanna. Both had their suspicions as to what had happened, but by mutual consent they agreed to drop the matter.

They are still great friends, still full of enthusiasm for their ideal of working together to better the lot of the Chumar. If they keep to their ideal, it seems probable that their names will be reckoned among those who have given and are giving their lives to raising the poor and down-trodden of this great country.

(From "Five Indian Tales." By W. W. Shearwood. 4s., postage 3d.)

Mr. Murphy spells it "Chamar" on page 250, but we are impartial.—[Ed.].

The New Mission House

By Nelson Bitton

AT last! After six years of patient waiting and of much restriction and inconvenience—in which the directors, the committee members, the missionaries on furlough and the head-quarters staff have all shared,—the contract for our new L.M.S. building at Westminster has been authorized. The directors have delayed longer than was their first intention in order to examine fully the possibility of a joint head-quarters with the Congregational Union. On both sides it has now been agreed that this ideal cannot yet be realized. It must be put into the future, but will remain a realizable possibility as and when circumstances permit. Meanwhile the Society will proceed with the erection of its new head-quarters, having an open policy for the years to be.

The L.M.S. has reason to be grateful to its friends for the goodwill which has marked the six years of handicapped service in a wholly inadequate head-quarters. We have not been able to welcome or to serve our visiting friends as we have wished, and had there been many complaints we could not have wondered. The general absence of complaints has been a token of real and helpful sympathy.

By September, 1927, it is the expectation of the directors that the Society will be in possession of a building in King's Court, the Broadway, Westminster (behind the existing head-quarters), in which all our reasonable needs will be adequately met. A commodious Board Room, several Committee Rooms, Library, good suites of offices and comfortable waiting-rooms are included in the scheme, and the Livingstone Bookshop will remain a feature of the new head-quarters. It is our confident hope that the new premises will become the goal of much Congregational pilgrimage in the years ahead.

Finance has been provided for. Out of the proceeds of the sale of the leasehold premises formerly owned by the Society at 16, New Bridge Street, the whole cost of the new building—the freehold of which has been secured—will be met. In addition to this a mortgage charge of £12,000 which existed on the New Bridge Street building has been wiped out, so that the directors and the constituency may be congratulated on all that is represented by the change.

Expression was given at the recent Board meeting to the debt of gratitude which the Society owes to the Chairman of the Mission House Premises Committee, Mr. W. H. Poate, for the skilled and unremitting help which he has given in connection with the Committee's work. His guidance has been as sure as his judgment has been sound. Happy is a Society that can command such helpers.

Mr. F. E. Smee, of Messrs. Smee & Houchin, is the architect of the new premises, and the contractors are Dove Brothers, of London. During the building period the address of the Society will remain, as now, 48, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS.

The financial returns for the first six months of our L.M.S. year shew the slight increase of £800 in spite of very untoward conditions. This is encouraging but not adequate to the needs of the year's work. Can we all help to bring a deeper spirit of self-denial for the work of Christ into our lives by giving to the call of God a foremost place in our everyday expenditure? Personal re-assessment in the light of our debt to Him would meet all our financial need.

THE NEW ERA IN AFRICA

International Conference in Belgium

From notes supplied by Rev. W. C. Willoughby, D.D., and Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A.

NEVER has Africa had light concentrated from so varied and representative an array of experts on its human, economic, political, moral, intellectual and spiritual concerns as in the week's Conference on the Christian Mission in Africa, under the chairmanship of Dr. Donald Fraser, that closed at Le Zoute, on the Belgian coast, on Monday night, September 20th, 1926.

Government administrators like Sir Frederick Lugard; scholars like Professor Richter of Berlin, who has given a third of a century to the intensive study of Africa; education experts like Dr. J. T. Loram (Native Affairs Commissioner of the South African Union), brought the light of first-hand research to the deliberations.

W. C. Willoughby
Of Tiger Kloof and Hartford, Con t.
5024

Negro leadership from America, as well as Africa, was brilliantly represented in a large and varied group of men and women, educators and preachers, whose speeches, actual presence and personal talks throughout the Conference, kept the members face to face with living realities.

The missionaries themselves, and secretaries of Mission Boards, came from different areas of Africa, representing numerous communions and many European as well as Anglo-Saxon nations. All sections were co-ordinated by the mind of Mr. J. H. Oldham.

First of its kind

This is the first conference that has attempted to consider the affairs of the whole continent. The many nationalities and churches from which the delegates came show how wide the interest in Africa is, and how international the missionary activities in that continent. The presence of so many representatives of governments responsible for African territories shows that the relations between the civil and religious workers in Africa are of such a friendly nature as our predecessors of twenty years ago could not have imagined.

The Mandate idea

It became clear from the invaluable evidence of governments that all the European powers ruling in Africa have discovered that the time has passed away when they need only occupy themselves with securing conditions of peace and order and facilities of transport and some revenue. The human wealth of Africa is seen to be the primary concern of government; some see it from the angle of self-interest, others with a larger element of the spirit of trusteeship. As Sir Frederick Lugard put it, the increasing acceptance of the principle underlying the League of Nations' mandate conception will bring as great a change as was the abolition of slavery. One immediate effect of this is that everywhere governments are entering the field of the education of the African which has been the almost exclusive field of missions, which are to-day responsible for over 90 per cent. of the education of Africans. When, however, the Gold Coast Government which a few years ago voted some £40,000 a year for education (mostly missionary) this year gives £100,000, and within a decade will give £350,000, and other governments are following suit, the trend is clear.

Things to be sought first

Some facts stood out clearly. The whole sphere of African life must be won for Christ: it is not merely a question of saving individual souls but of redeeming African society. The approach must be from what the African knows to that with which his knowledge may be enriched. The African's mentality and emotions must be won and used for Christ. The missionary's first aim should be to discover those elements in Bantu life that can be conserved, ennobled and enriched, not those which are repugnant to our sense of right or fitness. Health and welfare movements and elementary schools may be permeated with the spirit of Jesus and used for the evangelisation of Africa, as well as preaching. The future missionary work in Africa will utilise literature and healing much more than the past has done. But missionaries must be trained, not merely in subjects necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of a home pastorate, but in

Abraham Lincoln From the Statue at Washington

Fredk. Douglas, the Negro, said of Lincoln, "He was the only man of distinction I have ever met who never reminded me by word or manner of my colour."

understanding the language, customs and religion of the people he seeks to win for Christ.

Resolutions are often, and not wrongly, objects of cynical scepticism. The resolutions at Le Zoute, however, arising directly from the discussions in the sectional groups, wrought out carefully by men and women responsible in the field and in the home boards for working them in practice have this unique value. They present in outline, for the first time in the history of Africa, a coherent practical policy of action, which if pursued by the forces represented at Le Zoute, can in time profoundly influence for good the destinies of that Continent and its peoples.

They will be immediately communicated to the Mission Boards in Europe, America, Britain and Africa for their discussion, decision and action.

The London Missionary Society, which sent out Moffat and Livingstone to Africa, is deeply concerned in every effort directed to the well-being of the people of that country. It has at present 28 British missionaries, 700 African agents and nearly 40,000 Christians connected with its African missions.

A printed report of the Conference (3*s.* 6*d.*) *will be obtainable in a few weeks. The publication will be announced in this magazine.*

The First Malagasy Martyr

THE opening of the Liverpool Cathedral will be fresh in the memory of most of us; but it will not be known to many that the figure of Rasalàma is to be seen, together with many others, in the great east window of the new cathedral in Liverpool. This is called a "Te Deum" window, and portions of it show, in the stained glass, several of "the Noble Army of Martyrs"; and among these figures is that of our Malagasy representative of that noble band. Rasalàma—whose beautiful name means "peace, happiness, health"—was the first of the Malagasy Christians to suffer death for her fidelity to Christ; the first of more than two hundred of her countrymen and women who were killed in the persecution of Christianity in Madagascar, under the heathen queen, Ràvavàlona I. She was speared to death on the 14th of August, 1837; and after the re-opening of the island to Christian teaching in 1861, one of the four "Memorial Churches" was built, from my designs, close to the spot where she and many others in the following years, sealed their faith with their blood.

Her Memorials in England

This is not the only instance of Rasalàma being commemorated in an Anglican Church in this country, for in the residence of the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, Cheshire, is a fine Gothic chapel, which is adorned by a series of stained glass windows representing the "Te Deum." In one of the windows is a group containing, among others, the figures of early and later women saints, including Anne Askew, who suffered at Smithfield, and Rasalàma, of Madagascar. Little could the simple-hearted Malagasy woman have imagined that her name would rank among the martyrs and saints of Christendom. JAMES SIBREE.

Davenport of Shanghai

The tribute of his friends

THERE is a very beautiful drawing in existence by Albrecht Durer called "Death as a Friend," and that picture and its title have been in our thoughts more than once during these days when the sudden calling away of Dr. Davenport is still so fresh and his place seems so hard to fill. For him, we cannot help but feel that it was most fitting and would have been his own wish, to die while still "in harness," but just as his long service was drawing to a close; to pass over thus swiftly while still surrounded by all the work he had developed and in the land and amidst the people he loved. The L.M.S. has many honoured names of those who died while at their posts, but I think there can scarcely have been more universal tributes, public and private, paid to the memory of any of its members, or more genuine regret and sense of loss expressed at their passing than has been the case with Dr. Davenport.

This sense of loss has been felt quite equally by the Chinese and by the foreign community. The news of his extremely sudden death reached the hospital (Shantung Road) late in the evening, but by morning everyone knew and yet could hardly believe that their Head had been taken. In the Men's Hospital, especially, the sense of grief and loss was acute, for there Dr. Davenport had Chinese helpers who had worked very closely with him for many years. Grown men broke down entirely as they began to realise it, and no honour, they felt, was too great for them to pay to their beloved Chief. There was an instant and unanimous call for a special memorial service "of our own," and they begged with deep feeling that all that remained to us of the Doctor should come back once more to their midst so that they might take a last farewell. One could hardly help a smile, and yet it was very pathetic when they asked if they might be allowed to furnish a brass band to attend the funeral cortège to the cemetery—"the best band in Shanghai" it should be, they said, and those who have seen Chinese funeral processions

The late Dr. C. J. Davenport (centre of first row) **and Resident Doctors on the staff of the Shantung Road Hospital, Shanghai, 1926. The other British doctors in the group are Miss A. E. Towers and Mr. J. E. Dovey.**
Last year the sufferings of 3,000 in-patients and 50,000 out-patients were relieved in this hospital

5020

and know the ways (strange to us) in which they give special honour to the dead, will understand how great was the tribute they desired to pay in this way. We had to tell them that it was the family's special wish that everything should be as quiet as possible; therefore the visible tributes were confined to wreaths, with which, in spite of the request "no flowers," the coffin was covered—and still there were more.

As they bore his body under the complimentary tablets given in byegone years by grateful patients, and on into the room where at so many hospital annual meetings he had presented his reports, one felt how fitting for him were the words on Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St. Paul's, "If you seek his monument, look around you."

The short and simple service was arranged and taken by the Chinese pastor and the hospital evangelist, and was beautiful in its confident faith in reunion and its deep thankfulness for the gift of Dr. Davenport's life to China and to the hospital. For the last time, what was earthly of him left the spot where his earthly work had been, to go to its last resting place. There at the grave were gathered a large number of many sections of the foreign community, and the last rites were in his native tongue, but still the last tribute came from the Chinese for whom his life was spent. As the coffin was borne to the graveside it passed between a company of Chinese Municipal police at the salute.* As we stood round the open grave taking farewell of an honoured, a faithful and an upright man, differences of race were forgotten and we were all bound together in a common feeling of thankfulness for the life past, of deep loss in the present, and of greater courage, through his example, to face the responsibilities of the future.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

* This was voluntarily furnished and was, no doubt, in recognition of the large amount of work for the public services which Dr, Davenport developed in connection with the Shantung Road Hospital.

The Women of India

Sentences from Miss E. C. McDougall's speech at the Swanwick Conference

THEIR lot, on the whole, is very sad, but this is not the result of intentional oppression or repression on the part of man. A man is seldom known to be cruel to his daughters; he is very devoted to his mother, and to his sisters; and in many cases he makes a good husband.

When we were building our great college in Madras it was interesting to note that every bricklayer was accompanied by a woman who did all the hard work—he just sat about.

The caste women of India, especially the illiterate women, suffer from seclusion. That seclusion did not begin as man's oppression but as a safety. There was a time when it was necessary for Indian women to be very carefully secluded because of the lawlessness of men in their neighbourhood, but a great deal of the danger has now been removed.

These caste women are intensely interested in spiritual matters. I have not yet met one to whom the teaching about our Lord was not welcome.

It is, however, very difficult for them to rise up and follow our teaching; there is always a fear against independent action. When we talk to them about it we always hear that they are just going to tell their parents. There is always the fear of the whole family being persecuted.

One of the things which has been done by the missionaries coming to India has been the raising of the marriage age. Christian Indians do not marry their daughters at an early age; often it is after they are 20 years of age. This means we have given India, girlhood. In our hospitals we often have mothers of twelve years of age; and there are hundreds and thousands of grandmothers under 30 in India; but in the case of the Christian Church we have given early girlhood. Girls are able for the first time to enjoy the pleasures of girlhood.

It is no use coming to India unless you can give yourselves.

You cannot help India, that spiritual land, except by spiritual forces.

I have seen an English woman missionary on the ground in agonies of pain on account of what she knew was happening in a temple near by. You cannot help India by merely cheerfully playing your part—you have to suffer with her.

Miss Eleanor C. McDougall (Head of the Women's Christian College, Madras) was one of the speakers at the L.M.S. Conference at Swanwick in August last.

The Grouser's Widow

By W. G. Murphy of Benares District

"REMOVE that woman: the evil spirits have left her and are attacking us." This from a dear old faithful *Chamar* servant as he came limping into the room wearing a very troubled look upon his poor old furrowed brow. "See," he continued, "what calamities have come upon us since that woman became a Christian. The cook has been injured by a falling tile, his wife is laid low with fever, the fan-puller is covered with boils, the sweeper has a poisoned thumb and here am I crippled with a swollen foot. But what is even worse, I now have bad dreams at night and am awakened by my own moaning."

"But," said the missionary, "how do you connect all this with that woman?"

"Well, Sahib," he replied, "just look at the change in her. You know how she used to carry on. But now she no longer raves at us with distorted features; she just lies there quite calm, and even smiles at us. You see, the evil spirits have left her, and now they are attacking us. Do please remove her from our quarters or else let us go away."

It was useless arguing with him. To the Chamar all untoward events are attributed to the caprice of evil spirits (bhúts) which take up their abode in all inanimate objects, in trees, in animals and even in human beings. It was useless arguing that if his theory were correct, the evil spirits would find them out however far we separated the woman from them. Then we asked him how it was that these unseen demons did not attack the Christians of the compound.

"Oh," said he, "the evil spirits do not attack Christians, we know that; and that is why they have left that woman since she became a Christian."

Hers had been a hard life. She had been left a widow when quite young. What she endured as a Hindu widow can only be fully understood by those acquainted with Indian social customs.

After several years of widowhood, she married an old widower, known among his people as a "Bhagat" (Saint). She thus became a "Bhagteen" (female "saint"). The "saint" she married was a night-watchman by profession earning the handsome wage of eleven shillings a month. He was a grizzled old sinner of about sixty. He was such a cranky old boy that he was popularly dubbed, "The Grouser."

After his death the woman had a hard time. Dropsy laid hold of her and she suffered for many years. Under the treatment of our Medical Mission at Kachwa and the very tender nursing of Miss Waitt, she survived and it really seemed as if she were

Photo by] [*W. G. Murphy*

A Ladder for the Lowest. A School in Benares District for Children of Depressed Classes

5017

The Grouser's Widow

cured. But later she fell victim to an even worse disease, until at last she became quite bedridden. During her long illnesses she learnt much of the Christian gospel of love, both by word of mouth and by its practical manifestation in the tender treatment she received at Christian hands.

When at last the end was near, she resolved to make over her little six-year-old daughter to the Mission. "Quite so," says the Cynic, "she wanted to provide for the future of her child, so naturally she turned to the Mission." This time, Sir Cynic, you are wrong, for there was no lack of offers for that child! Hindus and Mohammedans alike did their utmost to secure that little girl. But the mother spurned these offers and asked us to baptize the child into the Christian Church.

It was a memorable scene to those of us who were there. The woman wished to be present, but was too ill to be moved to the church, so it was decided to conduct the baptism at her house.

In the background you have the dark, bare room of an Indian village house, with a veranda frontage of about six feet by eight feet. On this veranda is an old roughly made village "charpai" (string bed). On this bed there lies, in agonising pain, the emaciated form of what was once a strong, healthy woman. Old rags serve as her "mattress" and the "counterpane" was an old grey army blanket given by the Mission. On the floor, by the bedside, sits this poor woman's only treasure—her little daughter—her bed-companion by night and her useful little "maid" by day. This little thing is the bright figure in the scene; for, instead of her little ragged loin-cloth, she has been clothed in a resplendent "sari" of bright red!

Photo by [*W. G. Murphy*

Benares District. A Scholar in the School for Depressed Indians

5023

The ground in front of the house has been cleared and there sits the little band of Christians with Pandit Ram Swarup as Pastor in the centre. Some non-Christians stand around looking on.

A bright hymn is sung, and then the Pastor leads us all in prayer. Then occurred the great miracle. The woman's moaning ceased. A strange look of appeal came into her eyes as if some great longing had taken possession of her. Noticing this, we were moved to ask her if she wished to say something. In answer she said, "Will you not baptize me also? I am an unworthy woman, but I believe in this Jesus of yours, and somehow I feel that He would receive me." So she was baptized with her daughter. It was wonderful to see the change that came over the features of that suffering woman as the "peace which passeth all understanding" entered her soul. With this new experience there seemed to come a new lease of life, for she rallied and lived on for several weeks, a happy and contented woman.

It was about a month after the baptism that the opening incident of this story occurred. What finer testimony of "new lives for old" could one wish for than this?

The story does not end there. The process of change is being continued in the little girl left behind. Her bright little spirit is already responding to the elevating touch of Christian love. The prematurely old look on her face has disappeared, and, instead, one sees a face just beaming with joy and happiness. She has entered a new life.

Urgently Wanted:

The Directors deeply regret that owing to the Society's financial position they are unable to supply two very urgent needs in Central China. A Matron is badly wanted for the Hospital at Tsaoshih. Last year 802 in-patients were treated there and over 13,000 visits were paid by out-patients, and there was no European matron.

Two Self-supporting Missionary Nurses

There is a similar need in the Men's Hospital in Wuchang for a matron to work with Dr. Yeh, the capable and devoted Chinese doctor, who has carried on the work there for many years. The Directors appeal for offers of service from missionary nurses who are in a position to support themselves, or who may be privately supported.

New Lives for Old

By Edward Shillito

I talked in Hindi with a Sadhu one day. In the midst of the conversation he broke out into the purest English and pulling a New Testament from under his cloak, he said, "This is my meat and drink."

"But," I said, rather taken aback, "you are connected with this temple, what are you doing with that?"

"Yes," he said, and then repeated, "It is my meat and drink."

When I asked him what he thought of it he eagerly replied: "All other religions are passing away or will pass away: Jesus alone will remain."

Stanley Jones in
The Christ of the Indian Road.

I

New?

"THIS is a new age"; so we say; but in what sense is it new? Is it new, as a reprint of a book may be new—not soiled or battered, but still the same book? Or is it new, as a book is new when it comes first from the printers? Is the age to be like the previous one—simply another of the same kind? Or is it to be regarded as fresh and strange, so that we who live in it are the first to enter into its tasks, and its hazards? Much depends upon our answer.

Repentance means adjustment to facts which are presented to us by the Eternal Spirit of God. Persons, nations, Churches, which do not repent, cease to count in the story of the ages. They who repent enter into life. The facts to which we must adjust ourselves are, first and foremost, the Facts of the Eternal Gospel; but these come to us not in the abstract, but in the concrete world before which we stand. Repentance cannot be complete unless it means our willingness to adjust our life and service to Christ as He comes to us in *this new world*. The Kingdom of God is at hand there for us, we must repent and believe the Gospel. Or in other words, if we persist in treating the new day as if it were a repetition of the present day, we may fail to take our part in it. We may be like soldiers busied in discarded trenches when the battle has shifted its ground. This is splendid, but it is not war.

II

The Legacy of Success

The present task of the Kingdom of God is a legacy, not from those who have failed, but from those who have succeeded beyond all that was anticipated. We are embarrassed by the fact that the thing has not gone according to plan. We expected that they would reach a certain objective; they have pressed beyond it. The whole situation in the Mission Field is different for us because of certain things already done. We must adjust ourselves swiftly to certain Facts in which the Kingdom of God has drawn nigh. Here are some of them.

The Chinese Church is in being.

There is a movement towards Christ in India outside the bounds of the Christian Church and Missions.

There is a new way open to provide a Christian education for Africa.

There is the Break-Up of Islam.

There are vast movements of the Outcasts towards Christ.

This is the legacy which has been left to us—a legacy which we cannot decline to receive; and no other legacy is left to us. Into this world, as it has been committed to us, we must enter, or go out of business. The men and women of 1795–1926 have made it impossible for us to do their precise work. If we are to be like them, we must be different from them. Considering the end of their conversation we must imitate—not their methods but their faith. That they have left to us, and that, and a new world, which they died without seeing.

III

The Stupidity of Retreat

We have been called in an hour in which certain positions may be carried. It may well prove that in some places in the field the battle has been almost won. In such an hour, to retreat would be folly. It has sometimes been said of the British that in every war they won one battle—the last! Christian people have sometimes shrunk back when they have only the last battle to fight. Certainly, whether we look at the East or the South, there are good fights waiting; but they are fights from which only the dullards will turn in despair. What would such a man as Carey have said if he could have seen the India of to-day? As an exercise of the imagination put Raymond Lull, Henry Martyn, and Douglas Thornton face to face with the Islam of our days! Or

Moffat and Livingstone in the Africa as we know it! Woe unto those who have seen and yet have not believed!

IV

The Mirror

To one significant fact the Church must adjust itself. The East and the South are holding before us the mirror, and inquiring whether when we see ourselves in it we see the lineaments of Christ. They are doing this sometimes with doubtful motives. Never mind? We must meet the challenge. They say to us "Christ we know and revere; you have told us of Him; you will forgive us if we fail sometimes to see Him in your civilisation, and your international dealings, and in your bearing towards humbled and depressed peoples." It is no longer possible for the Western peoples to ignore such a challenge. When the messengers of John the Baptist came to ask "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" they received the answer: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed. . . ." That is the only sufficient answer. In the new age we shall be called to give it to the awakening East and South. They want the evidence of the Faith in action. That is a cause for rejoicing. We ought to be glad once for all to have done with our alarms, to descend upon the East as though from a higher plane on which we had attained. We shall go now as brothers, who mean to live with the others without any sense of superiority. What have we that we did not first receive? We shall go as penitent members of Christendom. We have not been true to Christ; we have betrayed Him, denied Him; but He is all that we have for our hope and comfort, and we long to share what we know of Him.

V

The Simpler Task

In one sense, the task before us is more complex—we have a wider range of activities to cover. Yet we can be glad to be rid of some encumbrances.

We are not called upon to transfer our civilisation to other lands. We need not be embarrassed by its follies and its proud claims. We do not imagine that to introduce machinery into Africa, and build chimneys in China, and mills in Bombay are the gifts of a Christian civilisation which we serve.

We are not called to serve any ecclesiastical system. Here, from the foundation of the L.M.S. we have a great tradition. Our task has never been to provide a Church order. Happily, in the new day we are free from any such a hard and thankless task.

And we are not greatly concerned to carry a thought-out scheme of doctrines across the seas. They who accept the gift of Christ will be bound to think out what this involves; they will have the experience of other Christian Churches to help them, but they will win their creeds out of their experiences.

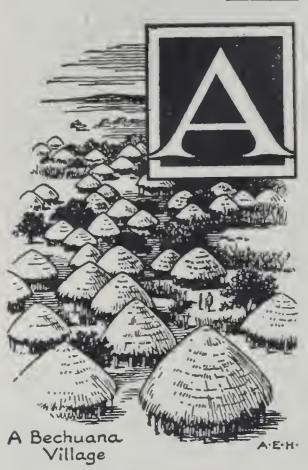
So far from becoming more complex it may be our task will become much more simple. We have to preach Christ, being sure that we have not fathomed His unsearchable riches. We have to carry His name, contented to know that He will mean for those who receive Him a strange, new, sweet, radiant life. He brings with Him revolutions in thought and in life. It is not ours to intervene too long. Let us dare to believe that the Gospel can still do its own work, and that when "it gets a fair chance it has the wonder-working power of the greatest music; it calls to what is universal in man, and he answers, and cannot but answer."

Rachel, a trained Zulu teacher, formerly employed at Hope Fountain Girls' School.

Five Friends of Mine

By David Couper, Taungs, S. Africa

Marie



A Bechuana Village

A scorching wind was blowing over the veld, with clouds of dust in the air, on the day I went to Marie's hut. Heat, wind and dust did not perturb Marie's tranquil mind. Patiently she squatted in her trim and spacious hut, for she had been told that the Missionary was to hold services within three miles of her dwelling. "Tell him to come to me," she had said, "Let me have one more Communion here, before I go to meet my Saviour in heaven." So she sat trustfully, very deaf and almost blind, but with the true light shining within. Back down the long hundred years her mind travelled, recalling the servants of God she had known —Moffat, and Ashton, and Livingstone, and many another since. Bending low in the doorway I entered, and fervently with her two wizened hands did she clasp mine, lifting her heart the while in gratitude to God.

I took out the necessary things, spread the white cloth on my closed bag, and we were in fellowship at the Lord's Table. So Marie had her last Communion. She has no need to "Remember" now, for she is "Present with the Lord."

"Only an old native woman." Yes, but a Lady of the Kingdom! I stand in awe as I recall my first and last meeting with Marie.

John

When John came back from Kimberley in long trousers, and a tall silk hat minus the silk, I hardly knew him. "Why, John," I said, as I grasped his hand, "is it really you? Where did you get that hat? And why have you lost your front teeth? And where have you been working? And what are you doing now?" So I plied him with questions, and John with beaming face told his story. He had been one of the bright lads in the Mission School, and also in my Tuesday afternoon class for young people five years ago. "You know, sir," he said, "I went to the training school in Kimberley, my father sent me there because I had friends in Kimberley where I could stay. When I left school I worked for a minister. I was his gardener, and he taught me agriculture. Yes, sir, I can teach agriculture now, as well as ordinary school lessons. Oh, yes, sir, I am a full Church member now. I joined the Congregational Church in Kimberley. I am eighteen now, sir, and I have come to you for work. I want to teach the boys and girls among my own people, I can teach up to Standard IV."

"Well, John," I said, "I am very pleased to see you again. I was looking out of the study door for a teacher when you came along. I have a small school of about thirty boys and girls, ten miles away, and we need a teacher there at the end of this month. I will give you a trial." So John was installed. He did well, and was later transferred to another school where his energies found wider scope. Requests came to the Mission House for such things as white-wash, paint, nails, black-board, trees, wire, slates and hymn-books, and I knew John was not only brightening the building but the children as well. When I next visited the school, Young Africa was hard at work on Young Africans, and the "Agriculture Class" was a special item.

Moshoso

The stile that was too high for Moshoso's wandering spirit to get over was John iii, 3— "Ha motho a sa tsalwe sesha, ga a kake a bòna bogosi yoa Modimo," (Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.) For eighty years he had lived in heathenism, drinking its little joys and bearing its mighty load of hardship, fear, superstition and sorrow. Many a time he had heard the Gospel, and many a time had he refused to accept it. He preferred to company with the Evil One. All around him he witnessed changed lives as men and women forsook their sins and came to Christ, but Moshoso remained unchanged. Then somehow during his wanderings he picked up his letters and learned to read, very haltingly, painfully slowly, for his eyesight

was failing. He could now look into the Jesus religion for himself, and he began with John. And then the Spirit laid hold of him with this third verse of Chapter iii, and he could not pass it by. Again and again he read it, until it became as a mirror to his soul revealing his past evil life, and calling for repentance and acceptance of Christ.

So it was that I found Moshoso three years later, the one old white-haired man in a class of young inquirers, coming forward for Baptism and admission to the Church. It was the greatest day of his life, and there was joy in the presence of the angels of God.

Sana and Sanie

Two shadows fell on the curtain early on Monday morning, and peeping through I see two Bechuana girls holding up one of the white wooden veranda posts. See how they cling to it, lovingly, stroking it with their hands, then leaning their turbaned heads against it, for all the world like two of the Marys at the Cross. And the idea is not so out of place either. For something of the wonder and love of the Cross has but newly entered their lives, and they are there to tell their Moruti (Minister) about it.

It is clear that they are very bashful and half afraid, and the veranda post is helping to steady them on their feet and give them courage to speak. I do not hurry out to them lest I should scare them from their purpose. When at length I open the door, with eyes downcast, they are just able to whisper that they want to follow the Shepherd whom they heard about yesterday at the morning service—that Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. This is joyful news, making all one's labour worth while, and I think how delighted many a minister in the homeland would be to have just such an experience on a Monday morning. So Sana and Sanie are directed in the Way, and handed over to the leader of the Inquirers' Class ; and the veranda post, if it has lost some of its whiteness, has gained a certain halo which the other posts do not possess.

The Campaign in India

The Kuravers' three rupees

IN our South India field a special Campaign Committee was set up in January, consisting of three European missionaries, and three ordained Indian ministers. These six are the Campaign officers for the area, two of them—one Indian and one European—acting for each of the three language areas. At their urgent request they are receiving copies of all Campaign literature, the Field Leaflets are being distributed to some of those who read English, and some of the "Venturer" series are being sold, while they are preparing certain additional material themselves.

It is of interest to note that the story of the South Seas is attracting special attention in South India. The amazing generosity and the missionary zeal of the Polynesians are evoking interest. An Indian pastor said recently in this connection, "We are often told now a days that religion is played out, but these things show that it isn't. They are very helpful to us pastors ; they give us fresh courage." In one case the books of "Yarns" are being used by an Indian minister ; in another a Sunday School superintendent is giving a series of missionary lessons ; in yet another a church is having a quarterly missionary sermon.

In South India they have set before themselves four Campaign aims : (*a*) To pray for the work of the Kingdom. (*b*) To educate the Church members in missionary matters. (*c*) To raise one thousand rupees more for the Church Council in order that the grant from London may be lessened by that amount. (*e*) To print at their own cost Campaign material of an appropriate kind for distribution.

A collection for the Campaign was made among the Kuraver criminal tribe living at Elizabethpet, South India. They gave three rupees (4s. 6d.), and the Salem Church in the same area added another nine shillings.

A.M.C.

Rachippu*

By Robert Sinclair, Martandam, Travancore

"I would like nice clothes."

SHE was one of many morning callers, but unlike most of the others she was obviously not a Christian. In appearance rough, ill-clad and unkempt, she bore all the marks of an unelevating and uninspiring upbringing—that of a non-Christian palmyra climber's family. Deep in her lustreless eyes lay the shadow of a spiritual outlook that knew nothing of the love of God but only the haunting fear of malign spirits to be appeased.

"Well, child, what can I do for you?" No answer but only an awkward shuffling of feet.

"Tell me, what would you like?" After a long pause there was a whisper which had to be repeated.

"I would like to be a Christian."

"Ah, that is good. Now tell me why you would like to be a Christian."

After another pause there came ever so shyly the reply, "I would like nice clothes."

It was a strange answer and appeared to savour of the highly unworthy rice-Christian motive, but to have taken the reply literally would have shown little insight and less sympathy. The girl had not come either for rice or for clothes. She had come in response to a desire welling up in her heart for a life higher and better than the dull and cheerless squalor of that to which she had been accustomed: the aspiration that had moved her was for something greater and more wonderful than she knew, much less could express.

Rightly understood her desire was not inspired by anything she could *get*; it had a worthier origin in a longing to *be* something of which the "nice clothes" were but an outward symbol. She had seen the conditions of well-being and the higher standards of life that prevailed among the Christians of her neighbourhood. When they passed on their way to Church she observed how nicely dressed and bright looking they were, and knowing these folk had once been like herself, she connected it all with being a Christian. To rise to their standards and be like them she felt she must become a Christian too, and her artless reason for this desire was really an unconscious tribute to the moral and spiritual dynamic of the Gospel she as yet understood only by the outward tokens of its uplifting potency.

As an enquirer, of course, Rachippu had to be tested, but in this she presented an unusual problem. As her people wished her to marry she was not willing to return home, and since she was over seventeen we could not fit her into any scheme of things on the Station. Even if we could have done so, it was better that her strength of purpose should be tested elsewhere.

Only one way seemed open. Would she work as a servant in an Indian Christian home? To that she replied she was willing to do anything she could, anywhere, if only she had a chance to become a Christian; When arrangements were made she fell in with them heartily.

Months afterwards Rachippu returned. She had had her desire and was as nicely dressed as one of her station could wish to be. Her clothes moreover were her own, for she had earned them, but the reason for her happy and beaming countenance lay deeper than clothes. She had learned what it really meant to be a true Christian and she had given her heart to her Saviour Whom she now wished to confess publicly in baptism.

Soon afterwards Rachippu went home for a long period of leave. We did not know the reason, but after she had returned to her work it became apparent. She had simply gone to let her folk see what Christ had done for her and they were so impressed by the change that they began to attend Church. In due course they too became Christians and were baptized—an offering of first-fruits by a young life of singular sincerity and purpose.

Before we left on furlough Rachippu appeared again on the veranda, her face radiant with smiles and in singular contrast to the first day we had seen it. She had come a long way afoot, but there she stood as bright and happy a Christian lass as one could find anywhere.

"Well, Rachippu, what have you come for to-day?"

"I just came," she replied, "to say salaam and to thank you for what you have done for me."

A more sincere expression of gratitude and a more adequate reward no pastor could wish to receive.

* Rachippu means Salvation.

Livingstone's Home

A National Memorial

IT is to keep alive the spirit of the great missionary, the spirit of service to Africa, that plans for a Scottish National Memorial to David Livingstone have been set on foot. Mention has been made of these plans in a previous issue of THE CHRONICLE. A four-page leaflet describing the scheme may be obtained on application to the Editor of THE CHRONICLE, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. An illustrated booklet which has been drawn up giving a still fuller account of the proposed Memorial may be obtained from the Secretary, J. G. Harley, M.A., 36, Chalmers Street, Edinburgh. The Chairman of the Memorial Committee is the Rev. J. I. Macnair, a former L.M.S. missionary in South India, and the Vice-Chairmen are the Very Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., and F. L. M. Moir, Esq.

An extract from the booklet will show most clearly the scope of the proposed Memorial:

"Circumstances have made it possible to purchase the house where Livingstone was reared, and the adjoining park and riverbank where he played as a boy. With lapse of time the house has fallen into considerable disrepair, and is now threatened with demolition.

"It is proposed to restore the house to its original state, and to make some necessary interior adjustments to it and its neighbour. These, when completed, will form a permanent home for personal relics of Livingstone. Another exhibit will show the vast developments in Africa which followed Livingstone's dramatic discoveries. In these plans the Missionary and Geographical Societies have very kindly undertaken to co-operate.

"With this national memorial open daily under competent guidance, visitors from near and far, girls and boys, young people's organisations and the like, will realise as never before what Africa and the world owe to the man who first carried the light into the heart of what was the 'Dark Continent.' Here, it may well be, others of his race will feel the divine urge and go out to fulfil the mighty plans of which he saw but the beginnings."

The money required for the purchase of the house and grounds, repairs, and laying out of the grounds is £7,000. An endowment of at least £5,000 is necessary for maintenance.

The Committee therefore issue an appeal for £12,000. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, James McGregor Hart, Esq., C.A., 142, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2. It is not only Scots who will want to have their share in this Memorial; L.M.S. supporters throughout the British Isles will be glad to have a part in this Memorial to a great missionary.

The House from the South-West

5022

HERE AND THERE

A.E.N.

The Great Religions

DR. FARQUHAR, Professor of Comparative Religion in Manchester University, estimates the followers of different religions as follows: Christianity, 557,000,000; Confucianism, 250,000,000; Islam, 230,000,000 to 234,000,000; Hinduism, 217,000,000; Buddhism, 137,000,000; Taoism, 430,000,000.

* * *

The Brownlee Centenary

KING WILLIAMSTOWN, South Africa, has been celebrating the centenary of its founding. The man who planned and started the town was the Rev. John Brownlee, of the L.M.S., who went out with Moffat in 1816. Like many of the South African pioneer missionaries, Brownlee spent a long life of service among the Africans. He died at King Williamstown in 1871—fifty-four years after his landing at Cape Town.

* * *

Not for the L.M.S.

AN extensive house-to-house collection is being made throughout the country for World Wide Medical Missions. The printed appeal has upon its front cover a coloured reproduction of the "Hope of the World," a picture rightly associated with the London Missionary Society. It may save confusion if friends will make it known that the appeal referred to is **NOT** on behalf of the L.M.S.

* * *

A Tanganyika Memory

AT Goring-by-the-Sea, on his seventy-first birthday, the Captain sat in his room reading a letter. On the walls around him were weapons and trophies which had come from Central Africa forty years before. The letter in his hand, which had just arrived, was from Central Africa, too, but it brought with it a living breath which the trophies lacked. It came from Captain Swann's old servant, Kabatwe, and there was another letter with it in which Mrs. Clark, on Lake Tanganyika, wrote that Kabatwe was doing his best to keep true to the profession of faith he had made when the Captain and "Mama Swann" had been in Niamkolo all those years ago.

* * *

Serowe Settling Down

"OUR people are settling down to the new order of things very well. The visit of the High Commissioner, the Earl of Athlone, has done much good. His speech was that of a wise and able man, and was received by the natives as being the message of warning and encouragement from the King, they needed the straight and strong advice. The new Chief, Tshekedi, now knows that he has the Government at his back in every attempt he may make toward the benefiting of his people, and he will be greatly helped by this knowledge in the performance of the very difficult tasks which confront him. He is a good and earnest Christian, and we have great hopes that we are in for a period of progress in our work of building up the Church of Christ in the midst of his people."

From a personal letter from Rev. R. Haydon Lewis, of Serowe, S. Africa.

* * *

General Smuts at Tiger Kloof

"YESTERDAY (Monday, September 13th), we had a visit from General Smuts, who is on a political tour in the North-East of the Cape. He has never been in this district before. He arrived just before 4 p.m., saw all the Departments at work and took a keen interest in them, then after tea on our stoep he addressed a crowded meeting in the Dining Hall. Many European visitors from Vryburg and District came to hear him, but he addressed himself to the pupils of Tiger Kloof and gave us a fine speech, the keynote of which was the necessity for friendly feelings between black and white. Wisely he did not touch on politics, but rather took the line that in the end the missionaries to the Africans in every sphere of life would be the Africans themselves. It was a memorable visit, and, as you can imagine, a great inspiration to us all, especially to those of us who were in close touch with him the whole time."

From a personal letter from Principal A. J. Haile, of Tiger Kloof.

Contrasts : India and Africa

By Frances H. Gilbert

Miss Gilbert has been for five years a missionary in Almora, N. India. Owing to the transference of the L.M.S. work in Almora to the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, Miss Gilbert is now working in Molepolole, S. Africa.

Things Missing

HAVING lived so recently in India my mind all the time is comparing and contrasting things Indian with things African. I have not yet decided whether the contrasts are greater than the likenesses. What I miss most as I walk about the town are the temples and mosques that are so common in any Indian town or village. One misses the familiar sound of the temple bell in the evening, ringing incessantly to waken the god, and many times when I have heard a man's voice uplifted to call out something, instinctively I have thought it was the Mohammedan call to prayer, only to realise that things Mohammedan are very far away from *this* town in Africa, at any rate.

These facts being so, one is bound to admit that the community life lacks much of the picturesqueness of that of India. One of the most attractive sights I used to think was to meet a little company of brightly-clad girls and women carrying their shining brass platters, on which were their offerings of flowers and rice which they were taking to the temple on festival days. There is something thrilling, too, in seeing a priest with his caste-marks on his brow serving his turn in the temple or in hearing the low murmur of a Brahman's prayers as he bathes and offers his sacrifice of prayer at some public well. And I defy anyone with any religious feeling at all not to be thrilled at the sight of a Mohammedan putting down his little prayer mat and offering up his devotions, bending prostrate at the setting of the sun.

I miss, too, the signs of caste. I still draw to the other side of the road when I meet a woman coming from the well with her water-pot on her head. It becomes instinctive to do so after experience in India, where a woman will shrink up against a wall and draw her garments round her for fear of pollution after such recent cleansing at the well. And that servants will eat *our* food out of *our* cooking-pots seems incredible after dealing with Hindu servants.

Choir Practices

The mingling of Christians and non-Christians in the town is another new thing. No compounds here with the Christians safely surrounded by a wall! It was the ideal we always kept before us in India, this broadcasting of the influence of the Christian home amongst non-Christians, and in this matter I should say Africa is in advance of India. And decidedly she is in the matter of singing. I have never heard anything quite so wonderful as the way these Africans sing harmoniously in parts. It was my privilege (at least we will call it that!) to teach the Almora girls Christmas carols in tonic sol-fa. It was a hefty business. First we hammered away at the sopranos for a week or so, then the contraltos by themselves, and then perhaps we would dare to let them sing the parts together and listen in fear and trembling to see if the altos were keeping their notes and not wandering up into the sopranos' part. Now here in Serowe I undertook to train the choir, girls and boys and young men. I went to my first practice in great trepidation, fearing I had been over-bold, never having tackled tenors and basses before! We were to practise the hymns for Sunday. I gave the sopranos their note, and off they went, and much to my astonishment before the end of the line the altos had joined in of their own accord. No keeping each part in watertight compartments here for a week or two! The same with the tenors and basses. And when all four parts joined together, not a shade of discord after the first time or two. I love to hear them sing; they have a natural gift for harmony.

The Widow of Khama

So as I go along I find more and more to interest me and, what is more to the point, more and more evidences of those fundamental good qualities which are common to all the races. No one could wish for a more stalwart helper, a more radiant and winsome personality in which dwells a quicker sense of humour, than are found in that splendid woman Semane, Khama's widow. I count her friendship my highest privilege. One rejoices that such a beneficent influence should be ever round and near the young regent-chief, Tshekedi, who is her son and who bids fair to follow closely in Khama's footsteps.

The Capable Islander

By James Hadfield,
formerly of the Loyalty Islands

UNSOPHISTICATED is the word which best describes the South Sea Islander. Such, at least, is my conclusion after over forty years of close intimacy with him. I believe that in no part of the world can you find a human type more natural, simple and artless. We sometimes describe a man as "nature's gentleman." In the South Seas we find him on his native heath. He is by nature polite, considerate, generous, sympathetic, hospitable, and withal highly intelligent.

In the early days of my missionary life I started a native boarding school on my premises with about forty boys. These, in common with their parents and friends, were just emerging from that primitive stage of evolution known as "the Stone Age." What one would have expected to find was a condition of brain quite undeveloped and incapable of grasping abstract ideas. Not so, however. Having to act as schoolmaster myself, I soon found that the boys were just as capable of advancing from one stage of school work to the next as the average English boy, with his centuries of ancestral development behind him.

Cultivated Language

Another feature of the South Sea Islander which ought to be put on record is the cultivated language by which he conveys his thoughts and wants to his fellow. Each of the numerous languages of the Pacific is more or less refined and built on an elaborate structure. The two with which I am mostly familiar are capable of expressing some niceties of thought of which our own tongue is incapable. As in the Greek, there are three numbers—singular, dual, and plural. They have also inclusive and exclusive pronouns. That their vocabularies are somewhat limited can easily be accounted for.

With regard to native art and industry, there is a wide range of skill displayed by the different islanders. They are expert fishermen and snarers of birds; they also excel as horticulturists. In all the islands—though in varying degree—the art of personal adornment has been ardently cultivated, and in some even their domestic utensils, fighting clubs, and canoes, are ornamented with inlaid mother-of-pearl.

Cannibalism

Considering the severe limitations of the island life, it appears to me that they compare more than favourably with many countries on this side. As to their former cannibalism (not by any means universal), it does not appear quite so atrocious looked at from their point of view. They had no beast bigger than a rat with which to appease their craving for animal food, and so they utilised the bodies of their enemies slain in war.

They had the good sense to stop a battle when a sufficient number of their enemies had been slain to replenish their larder.

Effect of Christianity

Owing to Christianity they are now ashamed of their once dark deeds. War and cannibalism are far-off evils of their past history. I shall never forget how staggered they all were in 1914 when the war broke out in Europe. I remember at that time one of my deacons, while engaged in public prayer, had reached the part where he was accustomed to render thanks and supplications for those who "once broke through the clouds of the horizon to bring them the glorious gospel message of peace and love from their English friends." Then the dear old man evidently recalled the news of the war, for he suddenly paused, and after a silent struggle with his emotions he went on to inform the Almighty, "but, alas, they have now all fallen victims to the Evil One, and are seeking to destroy each other."

On the occasion of a first visit from His Excellency the French Governor of our part of the Pacific, speaking no doubt from the material standpoint, he said to me: "This is a race well worth protection and conservation." May I pass on his words to the reader, but in a spiritual sense?

China's Women Evangelists

By Mabel L. Geller of Siaokan

IN March, on hearing of the good work done by the Men's Preaching Band in a little village about six miles away, we women decided we would follow up their work. Our plan was to take a band of earnest women, all live together in the same house which had been generously lent to the men, spend our days visiting the near villages, and have meetings in our own quarters in the evening.

It was not easy to arrange, as the women we wanted to use were mostly in the school studying, and to send them away for a week meant breaking up classes and, in some cases, depriving us of teachers. But we thought the practical experience was worth the trial, so on one Tuesday, Mrs. Terrell started off with five women, and the following Friday I took another party of five. When we arrived Mrs. Terrell and two returned, leaving the rest.

To me this outing was a real pleasure. I have not lived so closely with my women before. We had three bedrooms between us, and we all had meals together. I had two sleeping in my room, which was a great excitement for the women, if not for me! We talked till very late each night, but six o'clock found us up again, and at seven we all met for our "Morning Watch," when we studied the "I know's" of John's epistles, and in several short prayers commended the day and its doings to our Heavenly Father.

"Which way shall we go?"

At eight we had breakfast, and after tidying our rooms, and another short prayer together, we paired off for the day's visiting. We had three pairs and a trio, as we had to leave one behind to do the cooking and to prepare our evening meal. It was a queer feeling to go outside that house and wonder which way we should go. I had great sympathy for Abraham that day. There we were, all standing together, each saying to the other: "Which way shall we go?" We went north, south, east and west! We found the men had been very thorough in their visiting, for as soon as we entered a village, it was known at once on what errand we were bent. Sometimes we spoke in the open air, because we were not invited to enter a house, but generally we had a welcome. As a rule we did not speak in more than one home in each village; there was no need, for as soon as we appeared most of the village flocked to the house they saw us enter. After speaking (usually we both spoke) we distributed tracts to any who could read. We sometimes sang them some choruses, or a short hymn, a copy of which we left with any who wanted it, after explaining the meaning, and before leaving the village we gave invitations to the evening meeting at the Wen village, where we were staying. About five or six villages were visited daily by the different pairs, and all returned about four for our dinner. We only had the two meals a day—8 a.m. and about 4 p.m.—and after being out all those hours and speaking so much we were ready for our meal. What a clatter of tongues there was as each was trying to tell the others her experiences during the day!

The Evening Meeting

After the meal we had a free time till the evening meeting about 6.30. Those who were appointed to speak at the evening meeting were glad of a little quiet for preparation and prayer, and some arranged to be free to talk to any individual women who came in to see us, and to hear something of the "Doctrine." Some taught the "Choruses," which we had had written out in large characters on linen, and hung up in the meeting room. One can imagine that there was not much quiet time for thinking! We appointed one Biblewoman in charge of all arrangements for meetings, and she decided who should speak at the different services.

About six o'clock a small boy went round the village ringing a bell to call the people together. They took some time to assemble, and we workers rejoiced as we saw one and another to whom we had been speaking during the day come along to hear some more. While the folks were assembling we sang choruses till we were hoarse. These were verses of Scripture, such as: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation," and "There is no other Name given among men, whereby we may be saved," and of course the old favourite, "There is one True Spirit."

Minor Disturbances

Each evening from seventy to a hundred women, men and boys assembled, and four

or five of us would speak, the addresses being interspersed with singing. Please do not imagine that we had perfect order, nothing of the sort. Once we had to squelch an embryo fight among some boys; and there was more than a decided difference of opinion among two women once as to the other's right to a certain seat, neither of whom would give way; then more than once someone would be called to supper in a stentorian voice, and there would be not a little commotion while the person called extricated himself from his crowded quarters, for we were not in a spacious hall, but the living-room of the family. But our speakers would not stop, and probably the "foreigner" was the only one who noticed that anything indecorous was happening.

On Sunday we did not visit till the afternoon. We had the morning service at eleven, and it went on till after one, because as soon as I had finished speaking the Biblewoman wanted her innings.

A Darkened Home

I was much attracted to a very sad little woman there, and in the afternoon went home with her, at her request, to take a meeting in her home. Alas! that home was once Christian, many years ago, but now is only so in name. There were no idols to be seen, but not one of that family seemed to know anything of the truth. A second wife had been taken in two cases, and misery reigned. We were not wanted there, we seemed to be speaking to a stone wall. The sad little woman walked back with us, as she wanted to attend the evening meeting, and it was such a relief to get out of that house and return to our own merry crowd.

The evening service was more crowded than any, and we promised to leave two women behind to teach any who would like to learn more or who would like to learn to read. We had to return to school and our classes the next morning, but we left Mrs. P'eng, the Biblewoman and a senior student, who hopes to take up this work some time, as we thought the experience would be good for her.

Footsore but Happy

The long walk home was a bit too much for some of them. Mrs. Ten Thousand was quite worn out by the time she reached the city, and the others were sore-footed for days, but they all felt so happy at having had the chance of doing this little bit of work. As a result of this outing we have added another student to our school. She was a little girl in our school years ago and is now a widow, but very earnest. She is frightfully poor, but refuses to be remarried. She was so helpful to us all while we were at that village, that Mrs. Terrell is paying for her to study in our Bible School till she is through.

Board Meeting Notes

AT the Board Meeting on September 29th, the Foreign Secretary (Mr. F. H. Hawkins) was able to assure the Directors that the missionaries in Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang were in no apparent danger from the Chinese armies operating around the three cities.

Rev. E. Pryce Jones.—With very great regret the Board accepted the resignation of the Rev. E. Pryce Jones, of Papua, after thirty-three years' service abroad, first in Madagascar, then in Papua. Mr. Pryce Jones has done an abiding work among the Papuans, and his retirement will leave a serious gap in the ranks there.

Missionaries.—The following missionaries met the Board: *Newly appointed*—Mr. Ernest H. Feather, M.A., and Mrs. Feather, appointed to Samoa.

Miss E. F. Mills and Miss D. H. Southgate, appointed to South India.

The New Ship

Returning to the Field.—Rev. F. A. and Mrs. Stowell (Bellary), Rev. A. V. and Mrs. Hardyman (Madagascar), Rev. B. T. and Mrs. Butcher (Papua).

On Retirement.—Miss M. L. Christlieb (Anantapur), Rev. C. J. and Mrs. Kinnersley (Samoa).

A New Ship.—There will evidently be need to commence the appeal for a new missionary ship for the South Seas next year. *John Williams IV* is worn out after long battling with the big seas. Next year the young people will have a chance of excelling the record of their fathers and mothers who purchased the present steamer.

In the two years 1894, 1895, they collected £21,695. It was a great achievement, and the present-day collectors will be called upon to do great things in their turn.

The Young Men's Union

A Message from the President

Rev. R. Angel Wakely

SWANWICK, 1926, will be remembered as the Conference which saw the launching of the Young Men's Union, which aims at enlisting the young fellows of the churches in the great world enterprise of the Kingdom of God. This new organisation has not been started by "headquarters" but by young men who, meeting at Swanwick, have made the discovery that to labour in thought and prayer and deed for the coming of the Kingdom of God is the most thrilling, most satisfying, most worthwhile employment that youth can know. As the youth of by-gone days went out to battle with the cry "For St. George and old England" so these fellows go forth with the cry "For Christ and the Kingdom." For them life is no longer a meaningless, aimless thing, but a mission. They know now what Jesus meant when He said "I will give you life." They have seen before them a goal, and so life has become as exciting as a race; they have joined an army and life has become as dangerous as a battle; drab existence has been transformed into *life*. That they should form a union was inevitable. United they will stand, stand for all that is true and Christ-like, labour for the triumph of His cause. To this union of youthful minds and hearts the young fellows of the churches are invited.

The Young Men's Union is a fellowship pledged to serve the missionary enterprise of the Kingdom of God. Its three aims are: To learn the facts and face the appeal of the missionary enterprise; to present to young men the claim of this world task; and to enter into service earnestly and actively for Christ and the Kingdom. Membership is personal and limited to those between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. That this is an organisation that really means business in connection with the missionary work of the Kingdom is indicated by its motto, "A living sacrifice our reasonable service."

Enquiries for information may be addressed to the Mission House.

ST. ANDREW'S TIDE—November 28th–December 5th, 1926.

There is an understanding among many Christian people in all Communions that they will unite at St. Andrew's Tide in prayer for the work of the Christian Church overseas. The call to prayer has been answered by an increasing number each year and the call to the WHOLE CHURCH of Christ is now sounding as never before. The L.M.S. supplies a leaflet (1d.) entitled "A Call to Prayer," which explains the matter. For 3s. 6d. 100 copies will be sent post paid.

Prayer and Praise

In November

Let us give thanks—

For the safety of our China missionaries in the midst of the serious disturbances. In most places our work goes steadily on almost as though nothing were happening. The steadiness and loyalty of the Chinese Christians give us reason for praise.

For the way in which the South Indian Christians have taken up the Campaign, adapting it to Indian conditions, and laying plans to make their own Churches missionary-hearted.

For the growth of a Youth Movement among the Home Churches. The number of young people sharing in L.M.S. work to-day is steadily increasing.

Let us pray—

For Mr. Barradale, the Foreign Secretary for the Southern Fields, who is visiting the Pacific Islands, and is spending this month in the Ellice Islands and the Gilbert Islands.

For the work at Siao Chang, North China, where the Hospitals and the houses of the Chinese workers have been destroyed by flood and storm.

For the Young Men's Union of the L.M.S. which has just been launched, and which has great possibilities before it.

For all those who will be engaged in leading study circles, discussion groups, and other forms of educational work this winter.

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